

February 13, 1926

Events

EL COOMBS
 Sun., Feb. 13, 14
 ... Mon., Feb. 15
 ... Thurs., Feb. 18
 Sat., Feb. 19, 20
 ... Sun., Feb. 21
 ... Wed., Feb. 24
 Thurs., Feb. 25
 ... Fri., Feb. 26

L. McLEAN

Thurs., Feb. 14-18
 ... Sun., Feb. 21

S., Feb. 28-Mar. 4
 Thurs., Mar. 7-11
 Wed., Mar. 14-17

hurs., Mar. 21-25
 -Wed., Mar. 28-31

GOODWIN

... Sun., Feb. 11
 ... Sun., Feb. 21

ALLEN

Thurs., Feb. 11
 Sun., Feb. 13, 14
 Tues., Feb. 16
 ... Wed., Feb. 17
 ... Fri., Feb. 18, 19
 ... Sun., Feb. 26, 21

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OSLING

Thurs., Feb. 13-18
 -Mon., Feb. 19-22

AIN TUTTE

-Mon., Feb. 13-15

-Mon., Feb. 20-22

hurs., Feb. 24, 25

Sun., Feb. 27, 28

Mon., Mar. 1

... Tues., Mar. 2

... Wed., Mar. 3

Thurs., Mar. 4

... Fri., Mar. 5

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 Meetings
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 Lt.-Col. Taylor

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THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

WILLIAM BOOTH FOUNDER

BRAMWELL BOOTH GENERAL

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
 101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg

VOL. VII, No. 8. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, February 20, 1926

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



Newly Appointed Field Secretaries

Lt.-Colonel Taylor is appointed Field Secretary for Canada East and Lt.-Colonel Coombs Field Secretary for Canada West
 Just as we go to press news comes of the Promotion to Glory of Mrs. Taylor

(See page 6)

February 20, 1926

2

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Isaiah 25: 1-8. "A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat." God's people do not escape life's storms nor its toilsome burden bearing. Trials, afflictions, losses come to them as to others. They too, have to carry heavy loads of care and responsibility, in the noon tide's blazing heat. But they need never weather a storm alone, nor carry a burden single-handed. For God their strength, shelter, shadow from the heat, will ever be to them a "Very present help in time of trouble."

Monday, Isaiah 32: 1-8. "The liberal deviseth liberal things." If we are at heart generous, we shall think, speak and act generously. "God giveth to all men liberally." Seek a heart like His then you will, "Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give self,"

Give love, give tears and give yourself.

Who gives not is not living.

The more we give the more we live."

Tuesday, Isaiah 32: 13-20. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." You have seen people loved, respected, and appreciated, and have perhaps half envied them their popularity. This did not come easily. They did not wait to be sought out, but looked for those 'n trouble. They gave not only money, but themselves, their time and strength, to those who needed them. This is the secret of their influence.

Wednesday, Isaiah 33: 15-24. "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty." "Lo! round the Throne, a glorious band, The saints in countless myriads stand, Of every tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in garments washed in Blood.

Through tribulations great they come;

They bore the cross, despised the shame; From all their labors now they rest, In God's eternal glory blest. They see their Saviour face to face, And sing the triumphs of His grace."

Thursday, Isaiah 35: 1-10. "The way of holiness . . . He shall be with them." (Margin.) Perhaps you are filled with an intense longing to enter the Way of Holiness, but afraid that the experience is too deep and wonderful for you. Do not listen to the Tempter, enter now. You will not walk alone; the Redeemer who cleanses and keeps will be with you and in you all the time. He never disowns a longing, trusting soul.

Friday, 1 Chronicles 28: 1-10. "If thou seek Him He will be found of thee!" What a beautiful promise is here!

No man can choose what coming hours may bring

To him, of need, or joy, or suffering: But what his soul shall bring into each hour

To meet its challenge—this is in his power.

Seek God, and bring Him into every hour of life and it will be well with you whatever comes.

Saturday, 1 Chronicles 28: 11-21. "There shall be with thee . . . every willing skillful man, for any manner of service." God's service needs every kind of worker. There is room for all. Get all the skill you can of brain, eye, ear and hand. Keep your spirit willing, then you will be ready for "any manner of service." Whether your skill is needed at the front or behind the scenes matters little for "His eye seeth every precious thing."

"Ancient English word for money."

Thoughtlets

There is more heroism in a smiling face sometimes than in half the deeds that are chronicled in battle. There may be more self-mastery in the doing of quiet duty than in the scourings of the whole calendar of saints.

Though life's labor leads us to turn many ways, the compass of the soul turns over to Christ.

Dead Volcanoes

By LT.-COLONEL AGNEW, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, NEW YORK

ON leaving San Francisco for Portland, on the Southern Pacific night train, one of the grandest sights to be seen in America is observable during the greater part of the journey. Following the Sacramento River all night and forenoon, this majestic stream on the lower reaches of which great freight and passenger boats ply daily, gradually narrows as the train climbs higher until at noon it becomes a little brook, fed by Shasta soda springs at the great divide between the California and Oregon water-sheds.

The descent is then begun and all afternoon the snow-capped Shasta remains in sight, rising in all its majestic grandeur of snowy whiteness, besprinkled on its lower slopes with evergreen forests, heavily laden with the burden of snow. As the train winds in and out following a tortuous route through canyons made by mountain streams, new and delightful vistas of this grand old white-capped mountain delights the eye.

Is Now But a Dead Monument

Science tells us that, picturesque as is the mountain which contributes the name of "Scenic Route" to this branch of the Southern Pacific Railway, it is, after all, but a dead monument with a glorious history of life and burning activity in the past. Once Shasta was a great, living, glowing volcano, emitting fire and smoke and often molten lava. Its rumbling shook the earth for hundreds of miles around. Columns of fire shot forth by night and reflected themselves against the clouds in gorgeously tinted colorings; great clouds of volcanic ashes and dust, thrown from its molten throat, buried the earth's surface for a radius of hundred of miles, and streams of white-hot lava flowed down its sides, cooling and solidifying as they went. But now, except for an occasional avalanche of snow, ice and rock, all is still as death. In place of thunders and energy and internal fires is a cap of eternal snow.

Shasta but typifies thousands of backslidden men and women who once were burning, fiery volcanoes for Christ, but now are cold and hard as icebergs. Some were Army Bandsman or Local Officers who proudly wore their uniforms, played their instruments with soul and feeling, testified and prayed and pleaded with faith and fire and power for the salvation of the lost. They were flaming volcanoes in the service of the Master, but they got the professional spirit, thought more of proficiency in playing and speaking than of the salvation of souls, criticized others, left before Prayer-Meetings, neglected prayer and Bible reading, till their five went out. They may look respectable and moral to-day and fulfill their duty as citizens, but as Christians they are dead; their fire has gone out; they are covered with the snows of formalism and respectability, occupied with business, money, pleasure, friends, but not with the business of the Master—soul-saving.

Others, alas, were once Salvation Army Officers—volcanoes of salvation, pouring forth their streams of molten lava upon the sins and foibles of the unconverted and lighting up with the fires of the Holy Ghost hearts and homes and cities, and spreading Salvation, holiness, and helpful, loving services wherever they went.

But something happened to quench their lives and quell their ardor. Perhaps it was love of money, love of ease, love of popularity, of flattery or fear of the frowns and ridicule of the world. There are a thousand ways it might have happened, but the thing that interests us now is the sad fact that it did happen—the fires are extinct, the molten lava of convincing exhortation flows no more and the fiery volcano has been transformed into a silent snow-capped mountain, a cold monument of a glorious past.

Come back, Comrade of Yesterday!

What shall we Salvationists do about it? Let them go and remain frozen up till the Judgment Day? No! A thousand times no! They are our lost Comrades, they are our brothers and sisters out in the cold, away from home, away from Christ, out of the Fold, exposed to the fury of the elements and in danger of eternal damnation. Come back, Comrades of yesterday. Our hands are outstretched to welcome you back to the Fold; our hearts yearn for you; your chair is vacant, your sword unused. We mourn for you, we look for you, we long for you.

Come back and have the fires again kindled in your poor, frozen, benumbed soul; know again the fiery, flaming zeal for God as of yore; take up your sword again where you laid it down, and you will yet finish up your earthly warfare, shouting in triumph with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me on that day."

Thy Day

O FRIEND, this is thy God-given day;
But soon, o'er hill and glen
The evening shades will steal their way;
To thee O Friend, what then?

The west will be as roses freshly plucked
If thy day has been made;
But if in pleasure's pay didst trust
Thou'll lost—the roses fade.

Life, at its best, is but a passing day;
The glory of our youth
Boasts not—the years have slipped away,
And in their place—reproach.

O Friend, think not of but to merely live;
Christ calls us to obey
The summons of a dying world; to give
Sweet life. This is our day!

R.B.M.

February 20, 1926

Extracts

Honeymoon-flavor

Wednesday, June 24th, 1926
Victoria at 11 o'clock with F. C. for Copenhagen, Smith (British) attending. Revised Press won some correspondence. Native Dover stacks of artificial silk (participation of the duty); rally officials say have passed through efficient for five years' demand. small boat; worrying.

Calais and on to Paris, and mostly, though F. talked so ingeniously! We had had so little opportunity of travelling together when we do it has a kind of moon flavor! Peyron (Lieutenant) and Mrs. Peyron and their friends to meet us.

Food, and then went to viewable building for much-needed long-prayed-for Training G. Some useful talk as to plans, left for Berlin.

Thursday, 25th.—Travelling night of awful shakes and short sleep for either of us after 2.30 a.m. to we turn night into day?

Worked steadily nearly all day on Training Regulations we are bringing up to date. Very important but tiring work. We began better with our Training system gain experience. Some correspondence and a short Article for the "Cry" Diamond Jubilee Number intended to do some reading, death.

Cruel as the Grave

Grecian history tells of an individual who killed himself through envy. His fellow-citizens had reared a statue to one of their number, who was a celebrated victor in the public games. So strong was the feeling of envy which this statue excited in the breast of one of the heroes that he saluted forth night after night with the intention of destroying the monument. After repeated efforts he succeeded in moving it from its pedestal, but it fell, and in its fall crushed him to death.

What a cruel thing is envy! It brings misery into the soul. It is a burning coal which comes hissing-hot from Hades. For envy the Jews delivered our Lord to be crucified.

Seek Christ Now

The story is told of a Korean Christian who could not get her husband to believe in Christ. He invariably answered to her pleadings, "I will believe little by little," a common Korean phrase.

One day this man fell into the well. His wife threw him a rope, and proceeded to pull him out a very little at a time, and then would take a long rest. He became angry, and wanted to know why he was being pulled out so slowly. The wife replied: "I am pulling you out little by little, and shall continue to do so, as this is the way you have always said you would believe in Christ." He cried hastily: "If you will pull me right out I will not delay, but will stand up and confess Christ next Sunday." She saw the point, sought Christ, and from that moment on became a faithful Christian.

Remember This

Most people have a welcome for a woman who helps them to look on the bright side of things.

There is an art in knowing when to speak, but there is a greater art in knowing when to be silent, especially when family feelings are a bit on the strain.

Money lost, nothing; courage lost, much; honor lost, more; soul lost, all lost!

What Do You Wear,
Moth-eaten garments? (James 2: 1)

Grave clothes? (Dead formation—John 11: 44)

Falsely gotten garments? (Josh. 21: 21)

or these:
Undefiled garments? (Rev. 3: 4, 16: 15)

Consecrated garments? (Ex. 29: 21, Matt. 21: 8)

Beautiful garments? (Isa. 52: 1, Rev. 6: 11)

Appropriating Christ's garments? (Mark 16: 24)

Phyllis Gay was very young. And she liked to be among Sporty chums about the town. Walk the High Street up and down. In the Meeting, at the back. She would sit, and look quite When the Young People's Service Major

Spoke to her; she said, "I'll I'm not getting saved just yet. Mean to have my fling, you know. And up she got and out she p. After that she went and danced. Every evening at a club; Some one saw her in a pub! Then she went off to the City. Goodey Jones said, "More's the truth, but the Lord went out to seek the wild."

For He wanted Phyllis Gay His child.

Little Jinks was up to larks, Always losing his good marks. And he often was turned out, For the way he played about in the Meetings; for the boy made the most appalling noise. When Jinks overturned the set them all to stamp and dance. Sister Skilkins said she Would give up her Company. If that boy were still allowed to unsettle the whole crowd! Very shortly after that Jinks appeared in a new hat,

Thy Day
, this is thy God-given
o'er hill and glen
shades will steal their
Friend, what then?

Will be as roses freshly-
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treasure's pay didst trust
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Extracts from The General's Journal

Honeymoon-flavored Travelling—Paris, Berlin, Copenhagen—Appeal for Africa's Native Tribes—Another Great Day of God's Presence and Power—Audience with Denmark's King

(Arranged by LIEUT-COLONEL H. L. TAYLOR)

Wednesday, June 24th, 1925.—Left Victoria at 11 o'clock with F. en route for Copenhagen, Smith (Brigadier) attending. Revised Press work, and some correspondence. Noticed at Dover stacks of artificial silk (in anticipation of the duty); railway officials say have passed through sufficient for five years' demand. Rough crossing; small boat; worrying sea.

Calais and on to Paris, and wrote mostly, though F. talked so interestingly! We had had so little opportunity of travelling together, that when we do it has a kind of honeymoon flavor! Peyron (Lt.-Commissioner) and Mrs. Peyron and some Officers to meet us.

Food, and then went to view a possible building for much-needed and long-prayed-for Training Garrison. Some useful talk us to plans. At 8.30, left for Berlin.

Thursday, 25th.—Travelling. A night of awful shakes and shocks; no sleep for either of us after 2.30. Why do we turn night into day?

Worked steadily nearly all day with F. on Training Regulations, which we are bringing up to date. Very important but tiring work. We shall do better with our Training system as we gain experience. Some correspondence and a short Article for "The War Cry" Diamond Jubilee Number. Had intended to do some reading, but no time.

Berlin at 7. Friedrich (Colonel, Chief Secretary) and Mrs. Friedrich, Mrs. (Lieut-Colonel) Wickberg, and Major Bühlert to meet us at Friedrichstrasse Station. Business with Friedrich, and finished London mail.

Friday, 26th.—A restful night. F. in good spirits this morning and speaking much of God's works seen amidst other works in the Salvation Army.

Left at 7.50 for Warnemunde (on the Baltic). Worked till 11.30, still on Training Orders, and again after 2 o'clock. Country looking well—harvest promising. The sea a bit choppy for two hours, but the through carriages make a great difference on these journeys with ferries—a difference that is, greatly in favor of the passenger!

Arrived Copenhagen about 7. Gunderson (Colonel, and Territorial Leader) and others very happy to see us. To Training Garrison, where we are billeted for this visit.

Saturday, 27th.—Copenhagen. Received Westergaard (Lieut.-Colonel, Norway, and the General's translator here) at 10. He takes the place so long filled by dear Povlsen, now in Glory, and whom I miss to-day. Many letters and documents, amongst them Report on our Work north of the Zambezi. A striking development, and although outside the scope of Hay's (Commissioner, South Africa) Memorandum of Appointment, seems to be important. One thing is clear—we ought to do everything we can to meet the advance among the Native Tribes of the Ethiopian Movement. But the pressing question for me is—Whom

Press representatives at 2 o'clock—ten men and one woman. All seemed so interested personally that it was a pleasure to talk to them. Gunderson after 3, and reviewed position here.

Sunday, 28th.—A great day. Crowds enthusiasm—gladness. The Holy Spirit descended to aid us. We used the Sports House morning and night, and at night especially it presented a wonderful sight.

Afternoon, a great gathering in the Park—a charming open space just on the outskirts of the city. A mean estimate of the number at the Meeting, 8,000. I missed the greater part of the procession which preceded it; what I saw was, however, both effective and ahead of previous visits.

The influence which descended on the crowd was wonderful. We pressed the Saviour of men—the call to Him—the occasion for His work—"Why should I be saved? Why should I be lost?" De Groot (Commissioner Switzerland), who met us here, very effective, Cliffe also obtained remarkable attention. Gunderson and Brigadier Marie Poulsen took well hold, and Nielsen (Lieut-Colonel) helped. Fourteen men and women came forward, pressing through the crowd to God.

The friendliness of the people, their attention even when evidently opposed to the truth, their seriousness, very striking to-day.

Night Meeting remarkable. F. chief speaker. Our hearts stirred to the depths over backsliders coming home and young men and women turning with full purpose of heart to God. Yes, it was a great day!

Monday, 29th.—A good night. Praise God! At 9.30 away and took Mr. Scott, the Charge d'Affaires, at the British Embassy, in the absence in London of Lord Glanville, the Ambassador. Together to the Palace; some pleasant talk on the way, and I promised to get F. to go and lunch with him, I being very full with engagements.

Received at the Palace—a fine building—by one or two most friendly officials, and then in to see the King.

A very striking man tall (a head at least higher than I), with great dignity and pleasant countenance. He came forward to meet me on Mr. Scott's introduction, and, taking my hand, said, "Very pleased to receive you here—on account of my interest in the Salvation Army and my father's—and of my esteem for you and your work—especially also on account of your great kindness to my beloved aunt, Queen Alexandra."

I thanked him, and we chatted for about fifteen minutes.

The King impressed me as a man with a mind, and knowing it, and as earnestly striving to do his best for his country in very difficult times. I led him to give me a brief message for the Army, and he seemed quite pleased to be asked. Spoke of my travels and the interest I must find in comparing the various nationalities. Was even warmer at parting. Mr. Scott thought it a most gracious interview and longer than usual. We found, as we withdrew, that fifteen other men were waiting to see his Majesty!

The political situation here involves a great strain on the King. I was struck with his evident force. The people as a whole believe in his sincere desire for their welfare. To my and their great surprise, Gunderson and Cliffe were introduced into the Audience Chamber, though no arrangements for this had been contemplated. The King welcomed them most graciously.

Returned to the Garrison and straight into the Staff Meeting. Some intimate talk. Opened my heart. The small Territories are often difficult for some Officers, especially those Territories which produce really big men!

Various interviews, and then met Divisional Commanders alone. F. to Holiness Meeting in Concert Palace—a fine gathering.

I worked on mails, and at 7.30 Missionary Meeting. Sports House again packed. A most interested and interesting crowd. De Groot again excellent; also Indian Officer. F. very good, but too short. I was not very effective, though I struggled hard to help. A good Penitent-Form, going on till 11 o'clock, and some delightful scenes—married couples, and parents and children kneeling together.

We have a very good Press all round.

Tuesday, 30th.—Good night, though short. To my notes for Officers' Councils first thing, and at 10 first Session with all the Officers of the Territory. Unity and earnestness very apparent.

F. with us till 11, and then to interview with Doctor who attended dear Boije (Brigadier) and Andersen (Lieut-Colonel Adele). Hopeful about both, for which we are truly thankful. Spoke most warmly of Mrs. (Lieut-Colonel) Wille, on whom she operated, and who was the only case out of a hundred which she had lost. Very mysterious!

At 2, Howard (Lt.-Commissioner) and Gunderson on Norwegian property settlement. We have a complicated position. Norway owing to new legislation. Second Session of Council at 3. F. to Home League Meeting—an other fine gathering. At 7, Council again, with two hundred Local Officers added. A Meeting which was truly a Meeting with God. The Lord moved among the golden candlesticks.

Many letters forwarded from London, among them from Geneva, Adelaid, Sydney, Bombay, Oslo, Cape Town, Java, Amsterdam, Brisbane, Melbourne. Also important cables. F. and C. lunched at the Embassy. Mr. and Mrs. Scott very warm, were at the Meeting last night.

(To be continued)

"HE Wants Them"

By LIEUT-COLONEL CATHERINE BOOTH

(Our Young People's Workers especially will appreciate the following poem, remembering their own experience of the return of wayward ones, after all efforts for their salvation had apparently failed. By a direct act God seems to have turned them to righteousness.

Said he was too big to go With the kids, besides "was slow!" So he hung about the Band, Said their playing was "Just grand!" Left off school and went to work, Learned to idle and to shirk, Took to smoking cigarettes, Spitting, swearing, making bets. Then he ran away one day, Went to sea and sailed away! Many said, "What a relief, That boy's no good, 'tis my belief!" But the Lord went out to seek him in the wild, For He wanted little Jinks to be His child.

Charley Sniff was rather proud, Played his cornet very loud! He would never testify, Some thought smoked upon the sly! Treasurer said he doubted whether Charley Sniff had really ever Been converted! Still he played Solo cornet and he stayed To the Meeting every night.

That the Band turned out all right. But he never stayed to pray After 8 p.m. on Sunday; He slipped out, put on a cap, Went to walk with Millie Flap. Once the Captain said he thought That the Census Locals ought Plainly to inform the lad That unless he changed he had Better leave; but then they said Who was to be found instead Who could play one half so well? And, after all, one could not tell Whether he might not some day Pray as well as he could play! Six months later Sniff resigned, Joined the town band, left behind Every scrap of faith and prayer, Plunged into the world! And there The Lord went out to seek him in the wild.

For He wanted Charley Sniff to be His child.

Thomas Trench drank like a fish, And he only had one wish,

That to-day he could drink more Than on any day before! But what was the Bench to do? All the gentry on the Bench Were quite sick of Thomas Trench, Fourteen days' imprisonment Failed to change his temperament!

But what was the Bench to do? There's a puzzle set for you! Even at the Army Corps Some despised him more and more, Said, "He is too dirty, far, To come where decent people are!" When he listened to the Band, Young White wished he would not stand

Quite so close! And when the march Swept towards the railway arch, He would push his way in front, And the Captain got the brunt Of his railing, drunken wit,

Which was certainly not fit For the children's listening ears. Oh, he was a sight for tears! Had we not grown deaf and blind! And 'twas really hard to find Any good in the low creature.

Who had spoiled his better nature, Travelling always further in To the wilderness of sin.

But the Lord went out to seek him in the wild, For He wanted Thomas Trench to be His child.



Germany's Promising Prospects

New Corps are Opened and Social work Developing. Police Commissioner's Tribute

The Army's work in Germany continues to stride ahead under the aggressive Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Colonel Mary Booth. Recently the new Hanover Division was opened and arrangements have been made for three new Corps to be opened in this Division within the next few weeks. The prospects are good.

New Corps have recently been opened in other parts of the Territory at Neu-münster, Gumbinnen, Stettin II, Kiel II, Berlin - Charlottenburg, Ludwigshafen, Bitterfeld, and Geislingen. Through the opening of the new Hall at Coblenz the Work has received a great impetus.

From all parts of the Field come reports of excellent soul-saving activities. At one Corps two notable drunkards, a man and wife, have been delivered from their chains, while at another place a man who had been long separated from his wife, found her kneeling at the same Penitent-Form as himself. They are now happily reunited. At yet another Corps a well-known drinking man has been converted. As a result the members of his family, who had become scattered about the country owing to his vice, have also all found Salvation, and a happy home has again been set up.

Everywhere in Germany Social Work is becoming a more and more useful factor in the life of the community. Possibilities of developing the direct spiritual work have been greatly increased by the appointment of Brigadier Sank as Chaplain to the Men's Social Work. The Homes for Men are fully occupied and among the occupants are to be found an ex-teacher, a baron belonging to the Baltic States, the son-in-law of a well-known minister, the son of a school director, and the late secretary of a city.

In Cologne the police commissioner said of the Men's Home, "Of all the institutions in the city that come under my observation, you have the best."

Prisoners in Holland

Find Liberty Through Ministrations of Reclamation Brigades

A special feature of Social operations in Holland, to which country Lieut.-Commissioner Howard has recently been re-appointed as Commander, is the effort made on behalf of prisoners. Salvationists have ready access to all prisons, their good influence being recognized. Brigades, known as "Reclamation Workers," do their duty with love and devotion, and their visitation has been a means of mightily influencing the inmates of these institutions. The ever-increasing demand made it necessary at the beginning of last year to establish a new Brigade in The Helder, while other Brigades had to be strengthened.

Songster Brigades regularly sing in the different prisons, and their visits are looked forward to with keen anticipation.

"The War Cry" is much read by the prisoners and the walls of their cells are frequently decorated with portraits and cuttings from it. In one cell visited was a portrait of the late Lieut.-Commissioner Povlsen, enclosed in a frame of new cloth.

Many are the instances of good work done in the hearts and lives of the prisoners. On the occasion of the call of the Visitation Sergeant at Leeuwarden, a man who has since been conditionally released expressed himself as having learned to pray through the regular visitation of Salvationists. He further stated that God had answered his prayers in a manner he had never dared to hope. His life showed evident signs of conversion.

Recently Lt.-Colonel Sven Wiborg, whose last appointment was Training Principal for Sweden, was installed by Commissioner Estill as Provincial Officer for the Scandinavian Department of the Eastern Territory, U.S.A.

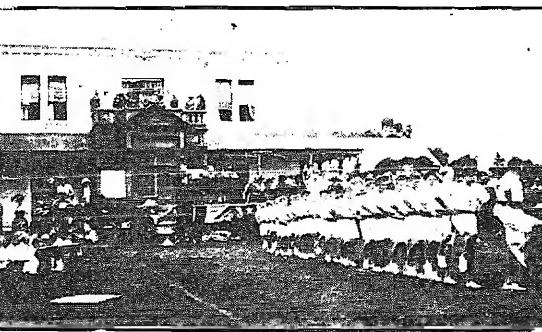
In the Heart of Maoriland

An Interesting Description of Army Work Among Original New Zealanders

FOR twenty-eight years the Salvation Army has been hard at work in the heart of Maoriland, proclaiming the good news of the Gospel in Roturua, one of New Zealand's most favored resorts, and the surrounding villages. Situated in the midst of beautiful scenery, and in the district of the hot springs, the Maori village of Ohinemuto, where the people live in frame huts, and do all their cooking and washing in the strange, boiling

merry community of the Tuhourangi tribe live unconcernedly on a thin crust of earth covering an enormous crater of boiling water, churning mud and powerful steam which finds its vent in the geysers and violently boiling pools.

It is encouraging to know that in the midst of these Maoris the work of the Army has made a steady advance, and that today there is to be found a thoroughly organized fighting force. This com-



Modern young New Zealanders at exercise. They are boys of an Army Home.

pools provided by nature, is certainly prises a small, but efficient brass band, a splendid body of Young People's workers, a Songster Brigade, an energetic "War Cry" Brigade, and a Corps Cadet Brigade. A special room for Primary activities has been opened. In addition to supervising activities at the centre the Corps Officer visits many places of equal interest in the vicinity of Roturua.

Three miles distant from Ohinemuto is the village Whakarewarewa where a

Japan's First Drummer

Colonel Yamamuro who digs a new story from his treasure-house almost every time he speaks in public, has laid claim to yet another distinction. His was the honor of beating the first Army drum heard in Japan. The Colonel's modesty refutes any claim to consideration as a musician or a drummer, but he says, "I beat that drum!" So energetic was he that on returning home from his initial operations in the realm of percussion he discovered two painful corns on the palm of his drumming hand! Since then the Colonel has discovered that the drum-stick is an instrument which should be poised rather than tightly grasped, but he is not ashamed of his drummer's corns. One of the first Army tambourines heard in the Land of the Rising Sun jingled at the bidding of the same muscular hands, and suffered in the ordeal, for when the Colonel examined his new instrument after the first sally he discovered that all but two jingles were permanently out of action.

Army Publications Enjoy Prosperity in India

Army publications in India are enjoying much prosperity. Each of the "War Crys" published in the vernacular have been doubled in size. Officers in India and Ceylon greatly appreciate the General's interest in them by arranging to publish vernacular editions of "The Officer." Extracts are taken from "The Officer" published in London for English-speaking Comrades, and are translat-

Prayed with a Leper

West African Band Goes on Tour and Accomplishes Great Good

WHEN a Band goes on tour in West Africa it is not to be supposed that they travel with all the modern conveniences enjoyed by Bands in say Canada for instance. The trips taken by our African Comrades, however, lack nothing in interest nor Salvation fervor, and is productive of great good. A small Band recently accompanied Lt.-Colonel Souter, Territorial Commander for West Africa, on a visit to various Corps opportunity. The first place of call was Abeokuta, and here, amid people who were very busy marketing on the Sabbath, splendid Open-Air Meetings took place, a crowd of fully three hundred standing for an hour and a half to listen to the Salvation story. One man knelt in the centre of the ring and publicly claimed Christ as his Saviour.

At Ife the Colonel opened a new Hall, in the presence of a large and representative audience. The native chief sent along a substitute. The Colonel called upon the Oni (native king) at Ife, and the Band played him several selections. He showed his pleasure by donating a gift to the Army.

During visitation Captain Ogedenghe, of Ijebu-Ode, came across a leper who, on account of his ailment had not ventured out of his house in the day time for over three years. His skin, and particularly his face, was in an awful condition. He had

International Newslets

An interesting episode in connection with the tour of the West African Party in the British Territory was the visit they paid to Blantyre, where they were shown the little cottage in which David Livingstone, the great Missionary-explorer of the Dark Continent, and the man who first brought light into the lives of the Africans. * * *

Mrs. Colonel Rothwell, widow of Colonel Rothwell, who predeceased her by six years, has now received her Call to the Heavenly Home. Our promoted Comrade had been blind for many years, but her fighting spirit suffered no eclipse. * * *

On the occasion of the funeral of Major Seydel, Cashier at the French Territorial Headquarters, for the first time in the history of the Salvation Army in France, official permission was given for a brass Band to march at the head of the eortege through the streets of Paris. * * *

At Dallas (Central U.S.A. Territory), a twelve-year-old Junior has brought fifty-six newcomers to the Company Meetings. * * *

Commissioner Hoggard, Territorial Commander for New Zealand, was recently instrumental in averting a train accident. He and Mrs. Hoggard were travelling from Wellington to Auckland when the Commissioner noticed that the track on which the train was travelling was being churned up, stones and gravel flying in all directions from under the wheels. He realized at once that the trouble was serious, and going out on to the platform, he climbed on to the hand rail, and there waved his coat to attract the attention of the driver. The train was immediately stopped, when it was found that the front axle had broken in half, shattering one of the wheels. If it had not been for the Commissioner's presence of mind the whole train might have been turned completely over within a few more yards.

Anxious to tell Good News

The following letter has been received by Mrs. Commissioner Higgins from Commandant Nicklin, of the Storch Hotel, Cologne, Germany. It was written by a man named Fred Eric Bell, who has been living there for eight or nine months and who wants his friends in Canada to know what God has done for him. He writes:

"It is now just over eight months since I gave myself to God; since then I have found great happiness, and have felt an entirely new person. Ivy clings. So let one and all of us be like the ivy, only in a spiritual way, by clinging to God, for He will not forsake us, especially in the hour of trial."

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The Officer was not afraid of the malady and read the Bible and prayed with the sick man.

He is now well converted and his wife and children are living with him. He has since written a long letter about his improved condition both physical and spiritual, for through prayer and faith his face and skin are beginning to heal.

February 20, 1926

New Hall

After several years of handicrafts in a small sheet-iron hall the Norwood Corps has moved into comfortable premises—formerly the wood Methodist Church. This change has come about through the hard work of the Army work in Norwood combined with the fact that the building has recently been vacated reason of the uniting of the Methodist and Presbyterian congregations.

The "Hallelujah Tin-shop" served good purpose while in use, and though by any means pretentious in appearance has been the birthplace of many a soldier. At least two Officers now in the Field entered the Work through its narrow portal and two Officers who have led courageous little bands of Soldiers through the struggling pioneer days of the Corps are now on Missionary service, (Captain C. Sowton, China, and Captain H. Iman, Japan).

The present Officers, Captain Hill Lieutenant Wicks, together with Comrades, have seen gratifying progress made in the Corps during the past year, and it was with great rejoicing on Thursday evening last that they bade a final adieu to their new home by the Rouge Band. It was a stormy night but never did Soldiers sally forth with the teeth of a wintry gale with lighter hearts and more joyous spirits.

The first Meeting in the new Hall conducted by Lt.-Colonel Coombs, Divisional Commander. There was a good crowd present. In declaring the building open, the Colonel pointed out the fact that the building already stands on consecrated ground and expressed earnest hope that the occupation of the building by the Norwood Corps would redound to the glory of God and the salvation of many precious souls. Mrs. Coombs offered a dedicatory prayer.

A short program of music was given by the Fort Rouge Band under the lead-

Sketches of CAPTAIN EVELYN

AT a farmhouse about nine miles from the town of Virden, Manitoba, there arrived one day a very young passenger who had travelled all the way from England. It was the Evelyn Grey, who had been sent out to Canada to her uncle and aunt shortly after the death of her mother. A warm welcome was awaiting the little girl at the Grey homestead, and thenceforward she became as dear a daughter of the house.

A Happy Girlhood

She spent a happy girlhood on the Manitoba farm, the affection of her uncle and aunt being lavished on her. When she was fourteen years of age an event took place which profoundly impressed her and which was destined to affect the whole course of her life. The event in question was the opening of Virden by the Salvation Army.

On Saturdays it was the custom for the Greys to go to town and one of the treats Evelyn always looked forward to was a visit to the local picture house. As a result a craving desire for the movies took possession of her and she would sooner have forfeited many of the things which special appeal to young girls than miss her weekly visit to the show.

One Saturday she saw a young woman on the street dressed in a neat uniform and wearing a strange hat on her head. Her curiosity was aroused and she asked her aunt who the stranger could be.

"That is the Salvation Army Officer who has just come to town," replied her aunt. "They are having the fir meeting to-night."

"I would like to go," said Evelyn. For the time being her desire for pictures was forgotten and she was eager to see what the Salvationists were going to do.

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A short program of music was given by the Fort Rouge Band under the leader-

ship of Captain Watt. Several other excellent items were also rendered, including vocal solos by Captain Garnett and Cadet Wagner, and a vocal trio by Captain Watt and Bandsmen H. and W. Rich. Cadet Buckley gave a trombone solo.

Several speakers gave interesting messages. Captain Hill spoke of his keen gratification at seeing the work of God progress in Norwood. Captain Loughton, Y.P.S.-M., told of early-day struggles in the "Tin-shop" and Captain Edwards

gave a helpful Bible reading. Adjutant W. Pitt of the Editorial Department also spoke. It was his unique experience and pleasure, he said, to testify once more in the very building which was his first spiritual home on his arrival from the Old Land seventeen years before.

Mrs. Colonel Coombs read from Psalm 116 and gave a message of encouragement to the Comrades in their efforts to win souls and the Colonel brought the gathering to a close with a Salvation appeal. A generous response was made on the



The fine building which has been secured by the Norwood Corps.

Sketches of our Officers

CAPTAIN EVELYN GREY, Kamloops

AT a farmhouse about nine miles from the town of Virden, Manitoba, there arrived one day a very young passenger who had travelled all the way from England. It was little Evelyn Grey, who had been sent out to Canada to her uncle and aunt shortly after the death of her mother. A warm welcome was awaiting the little girl at the Grey homestead, and thenceforward she became as the daughter of the house.

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"That is the Salvation Army Officer who has just come to town," replied her aunt. "They are having the first Meeting to-night."

"I would like to go," said Evelyn. For the time being her desire for the pictures was forgotten and she was eager to see what the Salvationists were going to do.

"Don't you want to go to the show?" asked her aunt.

For a moment Evelyn hesitated—

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be flashed on the screen that night, but then she so wanted to go to the Army Meeting.

She could not go to both places, however, so she finally decided in favor of the Army.

That night Commissioner Sowton was presenting Colors to the new Corps. It was a Meeting Evelyn has never forgotten. What was said and done presented ideas to her mind which had never occurred to her before, and her heart was strangely stirred. She knows now that it was the moving of the Spirit in her soul.

The result of that Meeting to Evelyn was the awakening of a desire to get definitely converted and the creation of a vague longing to some day be an Army Officer.

Several months elapsed, however, before she mustered up courage enough to publicly go forward to the Penitent-Form. She would attend the Army Meetings while her folks went to the show, but always came away with the great question of her Salvation still undecided. It was on the occasion of a visit of Major Habkirk that she resolved to end the controversy in her soul. She volunteered to the McReySeat that night with four others, and thenceforth had an inward peace and satisfaction she had never known before.

Supremely Happy

She never got to another Meeting for four months. That week the snow fell deep and drifted across the country roads, making them impassable for traffic. But the enthusiastic young convert did not need the stimulus of Meetings to keep the joys ringing in her heart. She was supremely happy, and her greatest desire was to let others know about the Saviour she had found and bring them also into the blessedness of such an experience.

So during the long winter evenings she talked to her uncle and aunt about

their need of Salvation and the duty of serving God in a whole-hearted, out-and-out manner.

They listened very earnestly, and evidently perceived that God was speaking to them through the one who had been placed under their care. Instead of resenting her words, as some might have done under similar



Captain Evelyn Grey.

circumstances, they manifested true humility of heart by telling her that they were glad she had spoken to them and would consider the matter seriously at the first opportunity.

Spring came, and with it the opening of the roads. To Evelyn's joy her uncle and aunt accompanied her to the Army Meeting on the first Saturday they could get to town. True to their promise they sought Salvation at the Army Penitent-Form. Brother Grey, we are glad to record, is now the Sergeant-Major of the Corps.

part of the audience during the evening when Captain Loughton asked for donations toward the expenses of the new Hall. This amounted to the splendid sum of forty dollars—excellent because of the fact that owing to the stormy night many people were prevented from attending.

The new building, situated on a main thoroughfare, is admirably adapted for Salvation Army purposes and has seating accommodation for about two hundred persons. A Young People's Hall is attached to the rear of the main auditorium and is entered by separate doors, which is an unspeakable boon to the rapidly growing Y.P. Work. A large partitioned room upstairs will also serve as splendid Corps Cadet Class and Sand-Tray rooms.

Something of the progress made by the Norwood Corps may be seen from the fact that it has now a Corps Cadet Brigade of fourteen members under the guardianship of Captain McKay. A Sunbeam Brigade has been enrolled and a Chum Brigade is in course of formation. The Corps holds the Divisional Self-Denial Banner for 1925.

Three Seekers First Weekend

The first weekend's Meetings in the new Hall were attended by good crowds and resulted in much blessing. Three seekers were registered for the Sunday and on the Monday night Major Carter with the Cadets gave an interesting Demonstration on India before a crowded audience.

Saturday night following a Farewell Tea for Captain Hill the Cadets conducted a very helpful Meeting following a bright Open-Air and March. On Sunday Adjutant Steele and the Cadets' Band led on. The mild weather enabled the Band to put in some valuable work in the Open-Air and attracted some of the crowd which gathered at night when the Adjutant's message was full of inspiration and blessing. Captain Hill said farewell at this Meeting and several representative Comrades spoke of the valuable help he has been to the various departments of the Corps.

Monday night we had Major and Mrs. Carter with a number of the Cadets with us who gave a splendid Demonstration of the Army work in India. We are in for greater victories for God and the Army.

Evelyn had felt from the first that she was called to Officership, and when she became old enough she told her uncle and aunt of her intention. "Well, there's not much money in that," was the first comment of Mr. Grey.

"I wasn't thinking about making money," replied Evelyn. "God calls me to save souls."

Recognizing that God had called their girl to Officership they did not put a straw in her way, but on the contrary encouraged her by all means in their power, providing her generously with all that was necessary for her going into training.

Corps Appointments

Cadet Grey was a very happy member of the 1921-22 Session. She was sent out as Lieutenant to Swan River and later to Shaunavon to assist Ensign Sampson (now Mrs. Capt. Hammond). At Melville she was in charge for a short time and then went to North Winnipeg as assistant to Ensign Caterer. She was appointed to Kamloops 15 months ago, and in this pretty little town of five thousand people is carrying on a good work. Very often she is able to render assistance to the community by caring for girls who have run away from home or gone astray or got into trouble of various sorts. This is much appreciated by the local authorities.

A good Young People's work is in progress, about fifty children attending Company Meeting in the town and at the Outpost. Special events always draw large crowds and the Army's prestige and influence among the citizens is a factor of importance in the life of the community.

The Captain is finding great joy in devoting her life to the Salvation of others and trying, in the best way possible, to make this world a better place to live in.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Founder General William Booth

International Headquarters, London, England

Territorial Commander, Lieutenant Chas. Rich,

317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All editorial communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 per year. Address all correspondence to Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate, of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Important Appointments

Affecting the Field Secretaryship of Canada East and Canada West Territories

We are pleased to announce that the General has appointed Lt. Colonel Levi Taylor, our esteemed Field Secretary in the West, to be Field Secretary for Canada East. Lt. Colonel Coombs, Divisional Commander of the Winnipeg and Manitoba Division, is appointed Field Secretary for Canada West. *

Colonel Taylor has been laboring as an Officer in Canada for the past forty years. He came out of Bowmanville in 1886, and was first engaged in village work in Ontario. Three years later he was appointed to the Yorkville Training Garrison. There came orders for Newfoundland, where in addition to commanding the St. John's I Corps, he instituted a Training Garrison for men. Halifax I Corps and Training Garrison followed and then he went to Toronto to take charge of the Lippscott Corps.

With the inauguration of the Provincial system he became a District Officer at Brockville, having the oversight of ten Corps. Other positions on the Staff followed and then he was appointed as Chancellor of the Western Division which then included all Corps east of the Rockies to Port Arthur.

His next appointment took him East again, where he took charge of the Social Work in Montreal. The Divisional Commandership at St. John, N.B. followed and on the conclusion of his term there, he became Divisional Commander for Manitoba. He was next appointed Head of the Field and Subscribers' Departments in Canada West, and with the development of the work the latter Department was passed over to the Financial Secretary, and Colonel Taylor became known as Field Secretary.

Mrs. Taylor, nee Ensign Ella Williams, has to her credit a fine record as Field and Training Officer. She also had experience in Newfoundland and was in charge of a District at the time of her marriage.

May God bless and prosper them in their new sphere of labor in our Sister Territory. *

Lt.-Colonel Coombs is also a Canadian Officer with nearly 40 years service to his credit. He was born and raised on an Ontario farm near Bradford. Converted in the Army and called to Officership at an early age he has had a long experience of a Field Officer's life and difficulties in Canada.

In his younger days he found the violin a great asset to him in his work. On one occasion he scored heavily against an infidel lecture with the announcement

Alaskan Tribute to Army Work

The following interesting resolution was passed by the Juneau Chamber of Commerce in connection with the visit of Commissioner and Mrs. Rich to Alaska a short while ago. It reveals the great esteem in which the Army work is held in the far north.

RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS, the Salvation Army recently honored the Town of Juneau by choosing it as the meeting-place of its annual Congress; and,

WHEREAS, this Congress resulted in bringing to the Town of Juneau many good and influential men and women engaged in the work of the Salvation Army, whose influence, while here resulted in great good to the Community; and,

WHEREAS, the bringing together of such large numbers of the people of South-eastern Alaska resulted in the moral and intellectual improvement of such people and of all people generally with whom they came in contact, and was a distinct contribution to the real progress of the Territory of Alaska.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the Juneau Chamber of Commerce endorses and commends the work which the Salvation Army is carrying on in the Territory of Alaska and expresses its deep appreciation of the honor which was conferred upon Juneau by the holding of the recent Congress here; and,

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that copies of this resolution be forwarded to Commissioner and Mrs. Rich and to each of the Officers who took part in the Congress, and to the Officers in charge of the several Army Corps represented at the Congress, and that the Chamber extend to the Army and to its various Officers and workers a token of its willingness to aid and assist them wherever the Chamber can be of assistance in any manner, in the great work in which they are engaged.

Passed and approved this 11th day of December, 1925.

Attest:

Allan Shattuck, President.
Frank A. Boyle, Secretary.

Captain Houghton and Captain Meers report a very pleasant time spent at Grace M. E. Church on a recent Sunday afternoon. Accepting an invitation from the president of a young women's class Captain Meers spoke on the subject, "Noble Womanhood," and Captain Houghton sang, "Was that Somebody you?" About thirty young women were present.

Sister Mrs. Brown of the Wychwood Corps, Toronto, who recently answered the call to Higher Service, was the mother of Mrs. Ensign Fox of Victoria. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Fox in this hour of bereavement.

COMMANDER EVA BOOTH

Suffers Serious Relapse—Complete Rest Ordered by Physicians

The following message has been received from New York relative to the state of health of Commander Eva Booth. It reads as follows:

The Commander has suffered from a serious relapse, the cause which led to this being the long period of suffering experienced first through the breaking of her arm and then through an acute attack of appendicitis. Eager to attend to duties of an executive nature, involving conferences with leading Officers and dealing with important correspondence and literary work proved too much for her. To this was added the keen disappointment consequent upon the enforced cancellation of the Commander's planned visit to London, when she had so looked forward to the transaction of important business having to do with United States affairs.

Then there happened to be some matter of a very agitating nature which called for the Commander's attention and for which she had not the strength. The relapse referred to took the form of complete nervous prostration, accompanied by serious heart depression. The Doctor now assures us that the Commander has rallied somewhat from the depressed state of nerve exhaustion noticeable last week. At the moment her temperature is normal and the pulse showing improvement. The abnormally low blood pressure commensurate to her heart muscle insufficiency has shown a slight improvement, but the general weakness remains extreme.

Happily the Commander has taken a little more nourishment without nausea during the last two days. Recovery from appendicitis is now practically complete. It must be understood that the Commander's physician insists that matters of every business description be kept from her sick room, excepting only such messages of affection, with assurances of prayers which may be read at opportune moments. These elicit our Leader's deep gratitude as they emanate not only from all parts of the U.S.A. but come from all parts of the world and are being received from persons in all stations of life.

United Holiness Meeting

Lt.-Colonel Coombs Conducts inspiring Gathering in Winnipeg Citadel—Five Seekers

The United Holiness Meeting on January 29 was conducted by the Divisional Commander, Lt.-Colonel Coombs, in the Winnipeg Citadel. A very blessed time was experienced and much freedom was felt in the Meeting, especially during the red hot testimonies of the Comrades, led by Adjutant Curry. The testimonies of Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Coombs and Mrs. Adjutant Curry were very helpful. The Colonel's address, his subject being taken from Ananias and Sapphira, was very forceful. He urged that all present should pay the full price; that they should not keep back any part of it. In the Prayer-Meeting, which was a season of contact with the Lord, five seekers found their way to the Mercy-Seat.

Mrs. Lt.-Col. Taylor Promoted to Glory

Just as we go to press the news reaches us that Mrs. Lt.-Col. Taylor has been called to Higher Service.

The end of her earthly career came very suddenly. On Tuesday she attended the Band Tea at the Winnipeg Citadel and was apparently in good health and spirits and looking forward eagerly to going to Toronto. On Wednesday night she passed away in her sleep, heart failure undoubtedly being the cause.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to the Colonel and family in this hour of sorrow and bereavement.

WINNIPEG

COLONEL KNOTT
Honor Sir James

THREE varied and interesting meetings were held in the Winnipeg Citadel on Sunday last in connection with the Fortieth Anniversary of the Chief Secretary, Colonel Knott, in charge all day, assisted by the Colonial Headquarters Staff. His Honor Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, filled a long-standing engagement by being the chief speaker at the morning Meeting. Colonel Knott presided over an excellent program and music and song in the afternoon, the Salvation Meeting at night, seekers volunteered to the Mercy-Seat.

Introduced Lt.-Governor

A good crowd assembled for the meeting. After prayer by Brigadier Dickenson, the Colonel, on behalf of the Commissioner, who was suffering from a severe chill, introduced the Lieutenant-Governor. Prior to the address, Sir James, the Band, rendered "Rockhampton" and under the leadership of Master-Leader Lawson, the Songster sang, "O Thou that camest from a Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke soloed w

ecape, "Held by His hand."

Sir James expressed his pleasure in being present to take part in the meeting and congratulated the Band upon its 40th anniversary. He related the fact that he was a resident of Winnipeg when the Army organized its Band in the city. For several years past His Honor had had the pleasure of welcoming the Band every Christmas to Government House and had noted improvement in numbers and in musical efficiency. His Honor referred to the absence of the Commissioner, expressing sincere regret.

The address given by Sir James showed his intimate knowledge of spiritual life and closely allied as the message of Scripture, proved a help and blessing to the attentive congregation. In Philippians 2, a portion read by the Secretary earlier on in the meeting, His Honor tested the Biblical knowledge of his audience by asking for a number of passages relating to the great theme of Holiness. This request was responded to with promptitude, and all Bandsmen also taking part.

Spiritual Health

The speaker then delivered a discourse on spiritual health and analogy to the physical life. Fresh air and exercise, Sir James pointed out, were three things essential to good health. He urged his hearers to study their Bibles, to meet with the first condition and live in the atmosphere of God's presence, for the second. Regarding the taking of spiritual exercise, Sir James said, "I know of no other body of people who are a better example of this than Salvationists, who take their exercise by going about doing good."

A splendid crowd gathered for the afternoon meeting, the Chief Secretary again presiding. The band under Bandmaster Merritt was out in full strength and gave a program of music, including songs such as "A Soldier's Experience," and "Gems from Elijah." The Male Voice Party also rendered an inspiring selection.

During the afternoon meeting, the Chief Secretary, in closing the program, made some interesting remarks concerning Bands and heard by him the Scandinavian

BOOTH

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WINNIPEG CITADEL BAND CELEBRATES 40th ANNIVERSARY

COLONEL KNOTT Presides at Series of Gatherings Brimful of Interest and Blessing—His Honor Sir James Aikins, Lt.-Governor of Manitoba, Speaks at Holiness Meeting—Three Seekers on Sunday Night

THREE varied and interesting Meetings were held in the Winnipeg Citadel on Sunday last in connection with the Fortieth Anniversary of the Band. The Chief Secretary, Colonel Knott, was in charge all day, assisted by the Territorial Headquarters Staff. His Honor, Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, filled a long-standing engagement by being the chief speaker in the morning Meeting. Colonel Knott presided over an excellent program of music and song in the afternoon, and in the Salvation Meeting at night three seekers volunteered to the Mercy-Seat.

Introduced Lt.-Governor

A good crowd assembled for the morning Meeting. After prayer by Brigadier Dickenson, the Colonel on behalf of the Commissioner, who was suffering from a severe chill, introduced the Lieutenant-Governor. Prior to the address given by Sir James, the Band rendered "Rockingham" and under the leadership of Songster-Leader Lawson the Songster Brigade sang, "O Thou that camest from Heaven." Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke soloed with acceptance, "Held by His hand."

Sir James expressed his pleasure at being present to take part in the Meeting and congratulated the Band upon attaining its 40th anniversary. He recalled the fact that he was a resident of Winnipeg when the Army organized its first Band in the city. For several years past His Honor had had the pleasure of welcoming the Band every Christmas Eve to Government House and had noted the improvement in numbers and also in musical efficiency. His Honor referred to the absence of the Commissioner and expressed sincere regret.

The address given by Sir James showed his intimate knowledge of spiritual things, and closely allied as the message was to Scripture, proved a help and blessing to the attentive congregation. Choosing Philippians 2, a portion read by the Chief Secretary earlier on in the Meeting, His Honor tested the Biblical knowledge of his audience by asking for a number of passages relating to the great theme of Holiness. This request was responded to with promptitude, several of the Bandsmen also taking part.

Spiritual Health

The speaker then delivered a forceful discourse on spiritual health and its analogy to the physical life. Food, fresh air and exercise, Sir James pointed out, were three things essential to good health. He urged his hearers to study their Bibles, to meet with the first condition and live in the atmosphere of God's presence, for the second. Regarding the taking of spiritual exercise, Sir James said, "I know of no other body of people who are a better example of this than Salvationists, who take their exercise by going about doing good." *

A splendid crowd gathered for the afternoon meeting, the Chief Secretary again presiding. The band, under Bandmaster Merritt, was out in full strength and gave a program of music, including songs such as "A Soldier's Experience," and "Gems from Elijah." The Male Voice Party also rendered an inspiring selection.

During the afternoon the Chief Secretary, in closing the program, made some interesting remarks concerning Bands and heard by him the Scandinavian

countries. Brigadier Sims read a Psalm, and Bandsman Charlie Luff, of Winnipeg II., the oldest active Bandsman in the city, gave his testimony. Major H. Habkirk commemorated his long association

giving of their talents in God's service, the united front shown by them in marching to battle and their response to toil and discipline in producing musical efficiency. Directing his words to the unsaved, he made special appeal to those who had "broken the ranks" and thus had stepped aside from their God-given path.

Two voluntary surrenders were the result of the Colonel's appeal in the Prayer-Meeting which followed, and towards the close a little girl came to the Mercy-Seat.

Attending the Meetings through the day was Brother Thomas Lyons who came from Shoal Lake, Man. This Comrade and Bandsman Luff were the only surviving members of the original Citadel Band in the city at the time of the Anniversary.

Festivals of Music and Song

During the Band Anniversary Festivals the Band was right on the top of its form, and on Saturday and Monday evenings gave two large audiences as wholesome musical fare of solid enjoyment as even the most critical could have wished.

Under the precise working of Bandmaster Merritt's baton, the Bandsmen tripped their way through some of the Army's latest and most delightful compositions.

Colonel Knott piloted the Saturday program and expressed himself at the close of the Meeting as having been blessed and much inspired.

It would be an impossible task to single out items of especial interest in a program so replete with musical gems, but we must express appreciation of the splendid vocal efforts of the Songster Brigade, Captain Watt, and Bandsmen H. and W. Rich and Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke. Junior Mervyn Mitchell also contributed two readings.

A feature of especial interest was an item, billed on the program as "An Anniversary Spotlight Quintette," of which the "Winnipeg Tribune" spoke as follows:

"Featuring the Saturday evening Meeting was a mock rehearsal of a Band practice similar to the kind the original Citadel Band used to go through forty years ago. The participants were J. Muir, E. Yarlett, J. Merritt, C. Donnelly and Dave Nelson, five of the original members of the Band, and they delighted their audience with the enactment of a

true picture of the hard work the original Band used to go through to make itself efficient."

The Band items included "Memories of the Masters;" "Scottish Melodies;" "The Golden Gate;" "In the Firing-Line;" and "Pardon and Peace." *

Captain T. W. James, Musical Director of the famous "Princess Pat's Band," occupied the chair at the Monday night Festival and did excellently well in this direction. He expressed himself, during the evening, in no small measure at his thorough enjoyment of the program. Of bright features in this program there were many, and we wish that space would permit us going into detail and giving each one its due share of praise.

Thanks are due to our talented young friends, Miss Margaret McDiarmid and Bandsman Burns McMilligan for their bright readings and dialogues.

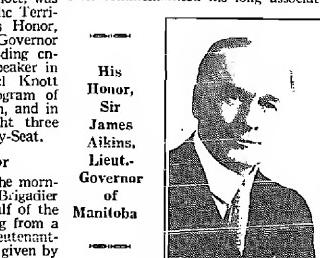
A charm permeated the vocal duet of Adjutant and Ensign Mundy, and the vocal solos of Songster Eva Merritt, the applause following these efforts telling its own story.

Some Splendid Items

Other individual items which evoked much favorable comment were a cornet solo by Captain Halsey, which was skillful and masterly, his execution being perfect. Bandsman P. Merritt's euphonium solo, and instrumental quartette and a song by the Male Voice Party rounded off a very fine program in which the Band numbers were the Marches "Pressing Onward," and "Toronto;" and Selections, "The Wanderer," "Gems from Mozart," and "Songs of Canada."

One of the best features of the anniversary gatherings was the well-chosen selection of old songs coupled with choice tunes. The music and singing of these conveyed much blessing to the congregations.

The Band's mammoth week-end came to an enjoyable finish on Tuesday evening when the Bandsmen, their wives, Band-League members and friends, to the number of nearly three hundred partook of a splendidly arranged supper, following which a program was given. Included among the items were interesting reports given by Band-Treasurer Fowler and Bandsman Jack Webster, "the genial publicity man." The audience was also treated to a number of excellent stereoptician slides, including pictures of early Citadel Bands.



with the Citadel Band by the presentation of a Bible for the use of the Band.

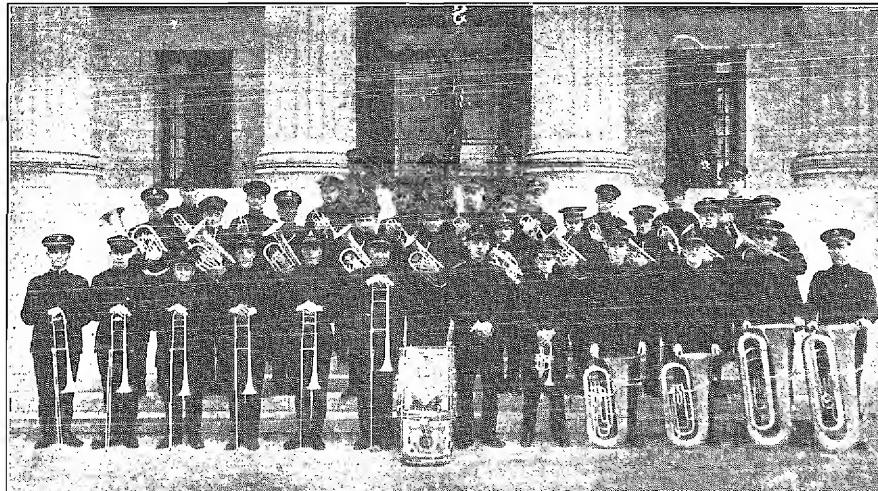
It was particularly fitting that the day should be mild and sunny inasmuch as it enabled the Bandsmen to play their instruments in the Open-Air Meetings around which large and appreciative crowds gathered. *

Mrs. Colonel Knott presided over the opening exercises at the night Meeting, when the Citadel was crowded to capacity. The Band rendered stirring music, including a meditation, "Lead, Kindly Light." The Male Voice Party sang "Rock of Ages," and Songster Eva Merritt soloed, "Someone" with Band accompaniment. Bandsman A. Stevens, representing his Comrades of the Band, gave a clear, ringing testimony.

The Songster Brigade sang, "Take Salvation."

An interesting testimony was given by Major Habkirk, who spoke of his first acquaintance with the "big bass drum" when a young convert of the Citadel Corps over thirty years ago. He rejoiced that his three sons were now Army Bandsmen.

The Chief Secretary's address was based on a passage from Joel: "They shall march on their ways, and no one shall break their ranks." From this suggestive text the Colonel drew several striking spiritual lessons relative to the occasion of the Band's Anniversary. He praised God for the splendid type of men composing an Army Band, freely



THE WINNIPEG CITADEL BAND.

Here, There and Everywhere

A SURVEY OF WHAT IS DOING AROUND THE WORLD

Where King Saul's

Armour was Hung

Discovery of Ancient Philistine Temple Reveals Greatness of Ancient People

A startling announcement is made by workers of the Palestine Exploration Society, who are making excavations at Beisan, the ancient Beth-shan. In the account of the fatal battle of Gilboa, at which the kingdom of Saul fell before the Philistine power and Saul and the beloved Jonathan were slain, we read:

"And they cut off his head, and stripped off his armour, and sent into the land of the Philistines round about, to publish it in the house of their idols, and among the people. And they put his armour in the house of Ashtaroth; and they fastened his body to the wall of Beth-shan."

"There is nothing to indicate the importance of Beth-shan at that time, nor the character of the house of Ashtaroth." A writer in the "Sunday School Times" says: "Whether a great temple or a humble, perhaps unimportant, shrine. The Bible hardly ever gratifies our mere curiosity. Now comes word from Beisan that in the great, really stupendous, ruins of the old city, they have uncovered this very temple of Ashtaroth in which were hung the trophies of Saul. None of the trophies themselves yet appear, but who knows what may be found?"

"The importance of the place and of the temple and, most of all, the extent of the Philistine domination in that period, when they so occupied this great Plain of Esraelon, and the dominant fortress of Beth-shan, is somewhat of a shock. They were no longer a people of the Plain of Sharon, but had possessed themselves of the best part of the land, the rich Plain that stretched across from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. The greatness of things mentioned so incidentally in the Bible is a constant astonishment. Surely the Philistines will never come up to the greatness of the Hittites; but let us not forget how, only about twenty years ago there were those of the great scholars of the world who did not believe there ever was a Hittite nation, never anything more than a petty tribe down about Hebron!"

"Great things may be expected from this work at Beisan."

"Retiring Gracefully"

Some Words of Counsel for Veterans on the Value of Leisure

"It does undoubtedly send a cold chill through a man when it is first brought home to him that he has done his best work, and must henceforth be content to be 'old So-and-so,' a prophet whose message has become too familiar, an obstructive who does not sympathise with the living ideas of the younger generation, a fog, a fossil, and a back-number," writes Dean Inge in the Morning Post.

"When a man finds that these things are being said of him, it is best for him to retire gracefully, and to be a spectator of life for the remainder of his time, rather than an actor lagging superfluous on the stage. The mind of the old man may be impervious to new ideas, but it does not follow that there can be no further growth in his character."

"The leisure which he denied himself in his prime may teach him lessons of wisdom; meditation, which is so much neglected in our hurrying, modern life, may in old age bear fruit in knowledge

A New Era in Haiti

What is Being Done Under American Supervision

TEN years ago the United States intervened in the affairs of the "Black Republic" and has been trying since then to bring order out of chaos. The result is that conditions have greatly improved on the island and the Haitian Government finds itself for the first time in a century, in a position to promulgate with safety, plans embracing agricultural education and instruction, research and ex-

A study of the agricultural history of Haiti provides an illuminating comparison of rural conditions in the Island today with progress in the eighteenth century. Haiti, as a French colony, was in 1790 renowned as the richest colonial



TAKING BANANAS TO MARKET. A common sight in the West Indies where primitive modes of farming and transport still prevail.

possession in the world, with over 2,000,000 acres of land under systematic tillage. Today, after more than a century of haphazard black dominion, a deplorable condition exists. One recent writer asserts that in 1915 "it is doubtful that there were 1,000 acres of land in the entire republic being properly and intelligently cultivated, and that there was not one agricultural enterprise worthy of the name." There have been no mining operations for more than a hundred years, and the roads into the interior were until recently, merely rough trails, partially impassable during certain seasons of the year.

Establishing Peace

Before any plan could be formulated for educational and agricultural instruction, several time-consuming tasks were necessary. One of them was to establish peace in the republic and bring about the recognition of orderly government. The hill bandits, or cacos, long secure in their mountain fastnesses, were difficult to dislodge and subjugate. These marauding communities had existed for hundreds of years, having originated in bands of

of self and the knowledge of God which come with it.

"But the old who mix with the young should be content to be old. There is

runaway slaves in the early eighteenth century or before. During all this time they have reproduced their kind and increased in number with new recruits from successive revolutions. Untouched by contact with the outer world, they maintained a primitive African type of life and supplemented their gathering of seasonal fruits with raids upon the farming communities in the valleys below. Hundreds of these people lived and died without having seen a white man.

Building up Police System

Several years were required to establish general peace throughout the island and to build up a police system which could maintain it.

There are at least one and one-half million people to be lifted out of a condition of the most complete illiteracy before Haiti as a whole will be able to compete with countries possessing the same natural advantages. This vast number of potential farmers eke out an existence by carrying to market on foot and on the backs of donkeys and ponies a doubtful harvest of wild fruits and vegetables, coffee and cotton, gleaned from their plots by the most slipshod methods of cultivation or without cultivation at all. In a climate less kind they could not have survived. To improve their haphazard, wretched existence, a desire for higher standards of living must be instilled, a condition possible only through the education of the young.

Instead of piffling hordes of vagabonds with which the cities have always been infested, and the wild rovers who made the hills a terror, there is already growing up a large class of trained workers—shoemakers, carriage menders, mat weavers, sail makers, carpenters, s. worker in mahogany, gardeners, farmers, sugar makers, herdsmen—all manual workers.

Free Veterinary Clinics

The Veterinary Department is holding free clinics throughout the island, vaccinating hogs for cholera, treating other animals for disease, wounds and sores, and demonstrating the control of cotton boll weevils and other pests. An average of 2,000 animals per month is now coming into these clinics; whereas at first it was difficult to coax the natives to bring three or four. The news of this service is already penetrating into far sections of the almost impregnable mountains. Dr. Freeman told of one old woman who walked twenty-four miles in order to procure tetanus anti-toxin for herbourne that had been badly cut. It was a bit of encouragement to the department to learn that she had ever heard of such a thing as tetanus anti-toxin, and that she had sufficient confidence to travel so far to procure it, instead of consulting the local oungaman for a charm and healing concoction, as would be her wont in such cases.

Important work is being done also in forestry projects reclamation and research, soil protection, study of water sources and irrigation, and in higher education, under the appropriation of funds by the Haitian Government.

It is the prophecy of many students of conditions in Haiti that within the course of the next ten years, as the remarkable

Winter climate and great natural beauty of the island become generally known, large numbers of tourists to the island will find a prosperous agricultural community in all interesting stages of gradual enlightenment and prosperity.

no surer way of losing the respect of the younger generation than for elderly people to make a pretence of belonging to it."

Finding a Husband

Telephone Operator, With Fine Sense of Sympathy, Makes Heroic Efforts to Locate a Man Somewhere Between Toronto and Montreal

A SPLENDID illustration of how telephone operators seek to serve the Canadian public and do just a little more than their official duties call for when the need arises is related in a recent issue of McLean's Magazine. This is the story, which certainly reflects great credit on the girls who operate our telephone systems:

"O Central," came a broken voice over the wire to a receiving operator, "my little boy is dying and my husband is somewhere on the road between Toronto and Montreal. You must find him. You must!"

The operator's chief impulse at that moment was to tell that woman how sorry she was for her, to pour words of comfort into her ear, to assure her that she would find her husband if it was humanly possible to find him. But Central's job is to curb impulses. Her active brain formed the quick, direct questions that would help her most, wrote the details on a ticket and sent them to a special operator. The man had left Toronto the day before. His wife did not know where he had stopped for the night or whether he had stopped at all. Central began her work by calling at a little village just a few miles outside of Toronto. From there she worked east, calling every hotel and garage in every town, leaving with them his name, the number of his car, and a message for him to call Long Distance. After making perhaps fifteen calls she finally got word of him. He had been in the garage at X— that morning. She rang ahead to the next town but could get no news of him there. She set a messenger to watch the highway and called the next village. There she learned he had just passed ahead to Kingston. A garage man entered into the same spirit of co-operation which the operator had met with all along the line. He agreed to stand outside his shop and hail the man for whom they were in search. A few minutes later—just forty minutes after Long Distance had received the call—the man called in.

The operator worked feverishly, her heart burned to help the suffering woman, her eyes filled with tears at the thought of the dying child, yet her voice when it repeated the familiar phrase, "Mr. — of Kingston is ready. Please go ahead," was businesslike and quite impersonal.

Canadian Wheat for China

A REPORT of the Department of Trade and Commerce draws attention to the rapidly increasing consumption of Canadian wheat and flour which has been a feature of the trade with China during recent months. By the end of September it was reported that over 150,000 tons of Canadian wheat had been booked to arrive in that country before the end of the year, while Canadian flour transactions are said to total over 3,000,000 sacks. Last year Canadian wheat flour to the value of \$6,226,000 was supplied to the British West India islands.

February 20, 1926

Calgary

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February 20, 1926

THE WAR CRY

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Calgary's Need

Mr. R. C. Marshall, M.L.A., Addresses First of Series of Army Meetings in Strand Theatre—Mayor Webster Presides

A series of Sunday afternoon Meetings in the Strand Theatre, Calgary, is being conducted by Captain Collier, the Corps Officer. To add to their interest he has invited a number of well-known citizens to give addresses on various topics such as "Sabbath Desecration," "Music and song and its effect on the world," "Crime and its prevention," "The unmanageable girl," "Child training," "The out-of-work," "What makes a country," "Recreation and Religion," and "The immigration policy of the Salvation Army and Calgary's future."

Young People's Work Growing

The reason for taking the theatre is that the Young People's Work needs more room in the Citadel on Sunday afternoons. For the past six months the Young Women's Bible Class has been held in the kitchen for lack of space. One hundred new children have attended Company Meeting during the past year and six new Companies have been formed.

The first Meeting in the theatre was addressed by Mr. R. C. Marshall, M.L.A., who spoke on "Calgary's need." The Calgary Albertan gave a splendid report of the gathering, reading in part as follows: "Mayor George Webster was chairman of the Meeting. He congratulated the Army for beginning a series of services which would create an increase of interest in things spiritual in the city. 'Calgary needs today to pay more attention to things other than the material. We are on the eve of a material development in Calgary,' he said, 'but it will not avail unless there is an equal amount of spiritual development as well.'

"In dealing with Calgary's needs," said Mr. Marshall, "I will come to it by a process of elimination. First, Calgary is blessed in many ways. It does not need a better civic administration. The city is well officered, but the need that I am going to speak of will apply to any city today. It is the home and social life. The home has not made the same increasing contributions as the community has. We must be more thoughtful in our home and social life. There must be more self-examination."

"It is true that we are entering upon the greatest era of prosperity that Canada has ever known," continued Mr. Marshall, "but are we ready for it? Is it going to be given over to a discussion of money?" Mr. Marshall spoke of the youth of today constantly seeking for thrills, and said that those in Canada were losing great opportunities of improving themselves.

Based on Truth

"Calgary's greatest need—are we grounded on the teachings of the church? To make a city you need the church; civilization is based on it. If we would take advantage of our coming prosperity, we must not forget the church," he concluded.

"Mayor Webster in conclusion said that Mr. Marshall's excellent address showed that all those who are entrusted with public power had a keen desire to make the world a little bit better place in which to live. The important thing today, he said, is in what direction we are travelling."

Capt. Collier closed the service with an inspirational and devotional talk relating the thoughts expressed by the speakers back to the fundamental teachings of the Salvation Army. "If we will put God first in all our activities, if we can make God our foundation, we will build up a great structure of citizenship," he said.

"The Band of the Citadel Corps provided an excellent program of music under Bandmaster E. Hackell, which included a cornet duet and a selection, 'Collingwood March.' Captain McInnes led the Bible reading."

Winnipeg Citadel Band Veterans in Reminiscent Mood

Bandsman A. O. Fowler muses:

"The first time I played out with the Band was in November 1891, and the occasion was the wedding of the late Sergeant-Major 'Billie' Moore at Selkirk Street, and then, in the middle of the street they took it away from me. I felt humiliated, but it did not really affect me very much. For, although I was only a convert of a few days I had already learned to say, 'Never mind, go on.'

"I can also remember one of the earliest 'away' weekends which the Band ever had. We journeyed to Portage la Prairie to take part in Camp Meetings conducted by the Provincial Commander, Major Reid. The Band at this time numbered

a drum before; but he said, 'You will do all right, you take the drum.' I took it and started out. I managed to play it as far as the corner of Princess and Pacific Streets, and then, in the middle of the street they took it away from me. I felt humiliated, but it did not really affect me very much. For, although I was only a convert of a few days I had already learned to say, 'Never mind, go on.'

"Nevertheless, I afterwards became a Bandsman and for nearly four years I had the honor of playing in the Citadel Band. While I sat in the Musical Festival last Monday night I could not



THE WINNIPEG CITADEL BAND FORTY YEARS AGO

fifteen, and was under the leadership of John Habkirk, (now Major, in Chicago, U.S.A.) We had a wonderful, soul-saving weekend."

Brother Dave Nelson says:

"I remember the time when we had fifty or sixty Old Country Bandsmen around the Corps—a sort of 'waiting list.' We had no instruments for them. I took it upon myself to interview the Chairman of the C.P.R. Library Committee, with a view to purchasing the instruments of the C.P.R. Band which had been disbanded for five years. We managed to purchase fifteen of these instruments, but I shudder when I remember the state they were in when we went to bring them to the Citadel."

"I am safe in saying that each instrument was a 'haven of rest' for hundreds of cockroaches, having been shut up in an old wooden cupboard for five years. I am afraid if the city Health Inspector had known he would have condemned the whole lot to the scrap-heap."

However, we managed to scour them well and had several years of useful service out of them."

Major Hector Habkirk relates the following:

"One Sunday morning, many years ago, my brother, John, who was Bandsmaster of the Citadel Band at the time, asked me to take the drum on the March. I protested and said I had never played

help comparing the Band of today and that of thirty years ago. We have much for which to be thankful, for God has surely blessed the Citadel Band."

"In my first Corps as an Officer I went to the Hall on the first Saturday night in the town, expecting the Soldiers to come to the Open-Air. At eight o'clock no one turned up and I would have been thankful if there had been someone there to have said to me, 'Heck, you take the drum!' But this time I had to say it to myself and it needed some courage. I was greatly tempted to give up and excuse myself by saying, 'What's the use?' but I thought better of it, strapped on the drum, and took the Flag as well, and marched down the street; and, incidentally, I went twice as far as the March usually went on the Saturday night."

"I was glad then that I had done this, but I was still more glad a few days later while I was out visiting an invalid who had seen me marching down the street alone. She greatly encouraged me by saying, 'I was so pleased to see you marching down the street on Saturday night, and I feel that although you were alone you were brave enough to do your duty!'

"I thanked God that He had given me grace enough to do my duty, and that the spirit of the early days, when the word, 'Heck, you take the drum!' had helped me to do my duty then, was still in my heart, and still is."

General's Birthday Number

Special Supplement to be Given Away

IN COMMEMORATION of the General's Seventieth Birthday a special number of the "War Cry" will be issued in the near future.

In connection with this there will be given away a very fine presentation plate of the General and Mrs. Booth and their family.

Anticipating a large demand for this we are preparing to print extra numbers of this issue.

To avoid possible disappointment Officers should let their Divisional Commander know as soon as possible how many extra copies they will require.

Beyond doubt this fine supplement will create an unusual demand for the "War Cry", as many Salvationists and friends will want a copy for framing. Be prepared by sending in your order in good time.

Officers who have been Associated with the Winnipeg Citadel Band

A number of well-known Officers, many of whose names are household words in Salvation Army circles in Canada and the United States, have been associated, at some time or other, with the Citadel Band. So far as can be ascertained, the first Bandsman to enter Training for Officership from its ranks was David Angus, who labored successfully for many years in Eastern Canada before being transferred to the U.S.A.

Then followed Brother Turpin, (now Major and retired) who saw much successful service in Canada.

Majors John and Hector Habkirk were for some years connected with the Citadel Band, the former being the very capable Bandmaster for a lengthy period. Sister Jennie Habkirk, now Mrs. Brigadier Hughes, U.S.A., manipulated a cornet very skilfully at this time.

Major W. White, now in the Western Territory, U.S.A., for some years played cornet in the Band and cherishes many pleasant memories of his association with the Citadel Band. While Major Morris was Provincial Officer at Winnipeg his three sons, Frank (our late Chief Secretary); Arthur, (promoted to Glory from the "Empress of Ireland"); and Harry, were bright lights in the Citadel Band.

Staff-Captain Edwards, now on Missionary service in India was a member of the Citadel Band before entering Training.

Coming closer to the younger generation of Officers who were valued members of the Band we bring to mind Captain George Sowton, younger son of Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, who is now in England. Captain Bert Newman, now attached to the Territorial Headquarters in Tokio, Japan, was a member of the Band for a number of years, and played G Trombone. Captain W. Thompson, (Lloydminster) and Captain H. Martin, (Vancouver II), were both valued members of the combination.

* * *

During the Musical Festival given in connection with the Winnipeg Citadel Band weekend on Monday evening last, Captain T. W. James (Musical Director of the Princess Pat's Light Infantry Band) conducted the Band through one of its marches to the delight of the audience. The Captain related a good story of an Army drummer—a trophy of grace in a Yorkshire town—who, under stress of temptation went back to his former drinking habits. The Army, with great persistence, kept after the wanderer and finally brought him back to God. The townspeople, said the Captain, were overjoyed to see the drummer back at his old post, beating the big bass drum.

Twenty-six dollars were raised during the evening, this amount going towards the Corps Target for the General's Seventieth Birthday Scheme. The Citadel Corps is hoping to raise \$500 to build an Army Hall in India, to be known as the Winnipeg Citadel Hall. A greater part of the amount has been raised so far!

Divisional Commander Welcomed at Prince Albert Institutions Visited—Young People Give Demonstration

Captain and Mrs. Chapman. Last weekend we welcomed Major Gosling, our new Divisional Commander, and Mrs. Gosling. A welcome supper was held in the Hall on the Saturday afternoon, which gave each Soldier an opportunity of getting acquainted with the Major and his wife. The visit was greatly enjoyed by all, and each Meeting was well attended. The Major spent a busy day on Sunday, visiting the Jail and Penitentiary. On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Gosling addressed the Corps Cadets. She also met the members of the Home League on Monday afternoon.

On Monday night the young people of the Corps gave a Demonstration in the schoolroom of St. Paul's Church. Major Gosling was the Chairman. The schoolroom was nicely filled by an appreciative audience, and each item was rendered splendidly. Much credit is due to Mrs. Chapman who worked hard to make the Demonstration a success.



a Husband
operator, With Fine
Sympathy, Makes
Forts to Locate a
swhere Between
and Montreal

D illustration of how
operators seek to serve
public and do just a
in their official duties
the need arises is re-
ent issue of McLean's
is the story, which
its great credit on the
rate our telephone sys-

came a broken voice
to a receiving operator,
is dying and my hus-
where on the road be-
o and Montreal. You
You must!"
e's chief impulse at that
o tell that woman how
for her, to pour words
to her ear, to assure
would find her husband
mainly possible to find
entral's job is to curb im-
uestions that would help
rote the details on a
t them to a special oper-
on had left Toronto. His wife did not know
stopped for the night or
d stopped at all. Central
ark by calling at a little
a few miles outside of
n there she worked east,
otel and garage in
leaving with them his
mber of his car, and a
him to call Long Dis-
making perhaps fifteen
ly got word of him. He
the garage at X—
She rang ahead to the
at could get no news of
he set a messenger to
ighway and called the
There she learned he
d ahead to Kingston. A
entered into the same
eration which the oper-
with all along the line.
o stand outside his shop
man for whom they were
few minutes later—just
as after Long Distance
the call—the man called

Wheat for China

T of the Department of

and Commerce draws at-
the rapidly increasing con-
of Canadian wheat and
has been a feature of the

China during recent
the end of September it
that over 150,000 tons
wheat had been booked
that country before the
year, while Canadian flour
are said to total over
ticks. Last year Canadian
to the value of \$6,226,006
to the British West India

ADES
Salvation
ink-shops
houses dur-
Vancouver I

ton, Visitation at Vancouver a blessing to the sisters. We the week, visiting forty-four houses of the city. Number of these lessing and cheering. Thursday night to clamped the and other Comer beer-parlor to sed music while libated letters to their salvation, as a good number visited during the hundred invitations of the men. How much accomplished at a day! May, no to our Meetings the big step in the which we give God

Trail, B.C.

and Lieut. Eby, to have with us Colonel Taylor, and also our Di- Major Layman. Much enjoyed. On over one hundred a lantern lecture by the Colonel. All was packed.

Meetings were last night, in the backslidings re- any we under- were praying for

Victories

McCaughay. The and were led by gatherings were Comrades and

Me. We have been Meetings during the power of with us. In the our sister, for a the Mercy-Seat. A brother also W. G. Williams.

Jack
and Cadet Powell. blessed time was meetings at which had a visit from Divisional Com- tern lecture in a good crowd. dated.

ary 7, we were

had and the joy

ers at the Mercy- fought Prayer

Souls at Prairie

ected by Staff-Cap- Prairie this week- ekers. We had a surpassing our Some beautiful Sea. To God be Ensign.

The Winding Trail

By C. D. B.

Chapter XXXVI

OUT OF THE STORM

MIKE CASSIDY trudged laboriously through the untracked snow along the right of way of the "Big Four" lines toward the shops, whose blinking lights a mile down the track showed faintly through the thickly falling crystals. It was the middle of February and the early morning hour which found him daily on his way to work was the darkest hour of the night at this time of year. And this morning it seemed darker than usual, and the frozen flakes, now and again caught and blown into eddies and swirls by a blustery northwester, stung his face as he faced into the wind and pulled the wide collar of his heavy mackinaw more tightly about his ears.

Along to the eastward a narrow strip of snow, almost imperceptible, could be seen, while the snow all above gave forth a dull, uncertain light that deepened the gloom and killed the outline of objects along the fence on either side. Only the unending phalanx of poles that reared their white-capped heads and outstretched arms high above the ditch to the right of the track could be distinguished against the snow in the darkness.

Cassidy was alone and, almost forgetful of the lashing of the wind-driven snow against his face, was lost in thought. He paid no attention to the cold; in fact, his outdoor life as a brakeman on the railroad had hardened him to all kinds of weather. He delighted in the varying moods and whims of nature and loved nothing better than to sit in the lookout of his caboose and careen along through the blackness of a stormy night at full speed.

As he plowed through the deepening snow his thoughts were revolving about the topics of conversation with Mrs. Cassidy as they sipped their coffee that very morning at the early breakfast table.

"Mike," she had said, following a long silence, broken only by the clink of table silver against the plate as Mike cut his fried ham and sneered his potatoes with a malicious fork, "I feel downright sorry for poor Mrs. Bell."

"Why?" returned Mike, eying his wife in wonderment at the abrupt introduction of such a subject; "and what's ailing the lady now?"

"Haven't you heard?" Amazement showed plainly in her voice as his wife answered: "That duffer of a son of hers has come home an' I've never seen his equal in a bum. It's breakin' her heart, an' on top of all that she's took down sick and nobody in the house to take care of her."

"Been a High Brow in Chicago"

"For the love o' St. Patrick!" And Mike finished the remains of his ham in silence and had pulled on his coat preparatory to leaving before he broke in with:

"I had heard about his comin' home, but I hadn't seen him yet and it slipped my mind for the time. The boys at the shop have been sayin', too, as how he has seen some high life since he left this country. Been a high brow in Chicago and a gambler out West somewhere. An' it's whispered that he's done some killin', an' packed guns all the time and that he had a lady assistant what helped him play a skin game at cards. I've heard it all, but somehow, until you spoke, I didn't connect them details with Mrs. Bell and the boy we used to know as her Harry. It's a dastardly shame, Pvers to me that poor lady don't no more 'n get through one pack o' trouble than another is comin' right on its heels. Sure, an' it must be th' devil what's after her."

Mike always lapsed into his Irish vocabulary and brogue whenever his emotions began to assert themselves, and as he leaned over to kiss the little woman whose bright red hair and chubby face were evidence enough of her ancestors' connection with the Emerald Isle his eyes flashed the indignation that had been stirred within him at the thought of the injury upon injury which Mrs. Bell had suffered, and all in silence, at the reckless hand of her son.

And now, as he instinctively picked his way along the narrow path that followed the tracks, his mind turned over again and again the facts of the case of Harry Bell and his poor, broken mother, as he knew them.

Off in the distance, borne along on the dull winter's night air with a sound that seemed to

have lost direction in its flight through the snow, he heard the low shriek of a locomotive's whistle. Two long blasts, a short one and then a louder and louder blast that died off at the end into a weird moan in the night. "The night express," mused Mike aloud and dismissed the train from his thoughts.

He had known Harry Bell when they worked together in the roundhouse several years before. Harry had been only a boy then, and liked by everyone. He had had a charming personality, which, coupled with his natural ability and enterprise, won a way for him into the hearts of his workmates and superiors alike.

Then, when he had gone down before the appetite for strong drink, his friends at the shop looked on in pity, powerless to stay his mad dash to ruin. His sudden disappearance was a shock, and every now and again it would be remarked that his mother was ageing rapidly. Indeed, her hair, once so glossy and youthful even in the years of middle life, and which had been only slightly streaked with gray at Harry's leaving home, was now almost white and her face told of the addition of ten years to her life in the two years that had passed since that time.

He stood dazedly . . . holding up the limp form.



He stood dazedly . . . holding up the limp form.

All these memories flashed through Mike Cassidy's honest mind, and piling up upon them came the rumors of which he had hinted to his wife that morning—rumors of gambling, wrong living, heavy drinking and bloodshed.

At this last thought Mike's strong frame seemed to shiver and a sinking feeling possessed the region of his heart. The Harry Bell he had known had been youthful innocent of anything but an inborn weakness for drinking liquor. Again and again he reminded himself that Harry was only a boy, and in the thought he could not bring himself to believe that the revolting rumors that coursed about with the report of the boy's home coming were true.

However, there came then the answering words of his wife. She declared she had not seen Harry's equal in a bum. And that was saying a lot, because a railroad centre, with wide-open saloons and plenty of money to spend across the bar, was always able to lay claim to several at least who could well be classed as bums. Harry must look pretty shabby and have dropped pretty far, Mike admitted to himself, to have no equal in this community as a bum.

Again his reverie was broken by the shrill whistle of the locomotive. The shriek switched Mike's thought back onto the main line of present fact with a snap, and he felt the cold wind strike his face and the snowflakes bit and stung his flesh, as he raised his head and peered through the darkness along the track. It was snowing harder, he thought, and although he was within a half mile of the shops it was not so easy to see their lights

as it had been a while before when he was more than a mile from them.

But the express was rapidly drawing nearer. It was overdue in the city station, he knew, as he very seldom passed it so far from home. The train was late and with a feeling of pride which came at his every thought of the fascinating life of railroading he mused that Pete Grinn, the old engineer who piloted the express through this division, must be trying to make up lost time, for he could almost sense the speed with which the great iron steed and its long train of passenger and mail coaches was even at that moment tearing through the shop yards, as he heard again, this time louder and increasing in strength every instant, the weird warning of the siren.

Mike strained his eyes along the track toward the shops in an effort to see the yellow gleam of the headlight, but even his experienced eye could not pierce the snowfall, nor could he hear the rumble of the pounding of the wheels against the rails mingled with the rattling of coupling and humpies and the clanking of drivers. All space seemed filled with the deafness of the falling snow, dulling the sensibilities of the ear and blinding the eye.

Knowing that it would only be the matter of less than a minute before the train would thunder past him he turned his gaze toward the sloping bank on his left to make sure of his footing and was about to step down away from the track when he kicked something in the snow. He stooped to examine the object, and finding his toe punched into the crown of an old felt hat he picked it up with a chuckle and tossed it toward the fence.

Saw the Dim Outlines of a Body

As he resumed his walk, however, an inexplicable sense of the nearness of someone else gripped him. Then his mind connected the hat with that unknown presence, and the next moment he had tripped against a stiff object outstretched and almost buried in the snow.

He caught himself from falling and, dropping his dinner-pail in the snow beside the path, he bent down to examine what his subconscious self had already decided were the legs of a man.

Then he saw the dim outlines of a body full length across the rail, and with the discovery, the suddenness of which had almost unnerved him, there flashed the thought of the onrushing train which, he instinctively felt, must be even at that moment upon them.

"Who could it be? Was he dead or alive? Would he be able to get him from the track in time?" These and other questions raced through his mind as he nervously held himself for the sudden effort.

He straddled the rail and quickly slipped his arms under the limp but heavy form. Even as he did so, from out of the dull silence all about him came the sudden grinding of steel on steel and the roar of the pounding of rapidly revolving wheels on the joints of the rails. Then from out of the gloom of the storm, and it seemed to Mike directly over him, loomed the gleam of a yellow headlight and his ears caught the clanking sound of the great drivers.

The huge monster darted into shape out of the darkness, and Mike's heart sank at the sight. Then, under the weight of the unconscious form in his arms, his foot slipped, and for one brief instant that seemed to be an eternity, he felt that all was lost and he must fall with that burden into the very path of the impending destruction.

In the next instant, however, he had rallied all his strength of nerve and muscle and with a superhuman effort dragged the body back from the track. And in that instant, with a wild shriek and a deafening hissing of steam and roar of screeching wheels, the great bulk of steel passed, rocking to and fro as if in a frenzy over the loss of its prey, although in reality it plunged on, into the darkness, ignorant of the nearness of tragedy.

The locomotive had passed so closely to Mike that the scalding exhaust from the cylinder burned his face and the rush of air about the train and blinding cloud of snow that was being driven along by that whirlwind almost threw him to the roadside. He staggered back and then swayed forward and perilously near to the cars that were pounding on after the locomotive as a pack of hungry hounds hung in his arms.

However, as he thought with sickening fear that surely the next moment would find him dragged beneath the wheels, the tail lights on the last car peered out of the darkness at him like two monster eyes, and in the next instant that darkness had swallowed them up and all was as still as death. He stood dazedly gazing after those red lights until long after they were gone, almost unconsciously, now, holding up the limp form that hung in his arms.

Minutes went by, how many he never knew, but it was some time before he was capable of co-

(Continued on page 12)

We are looking for you.



We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, before, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317 - 318 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every ease, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

513—Kvistensen, Kjellund Anskar, Norwegian. Age 34 years. Son of Carl Kvistensen, blue eyes, last heard from 1913, when he was at Gidlovin, Alaska. Mother anxious.

532—Kristensen, Kristen. Norwegian. Age 30 years. Fair hair, blue eyes. Last heard from 1912, when he was at Bowman, Manitoba very anxious for news.

511—Duncan, Thomas Hunter. 48 years of age. Height 6 ft. 8 in. Grey hair, blue eyes. May go by name of Hunter or Lang. Wife desires to hear from him.

510—Nielsen, Maria Christian. Age 27 years. Left Denmark for Canada in 1912. Good news available.

524—Slomensen, Sigurd Paul. Norwegian. Age 42 years. Fair hair, blue eyes. Last heard from 1910 at Alaska. Mother very anxious.

512—Gundersen, John. Norwegian. Age 27 years of age. Fair hair, blue eyes. Missing over 18 years. Last known to be at Winnipeg, Manitoba. Good news available him. (See photo).

769—Miller, John H. Single, living at Inverness, Simcoe, Ont. Aged mother is very anxious about her son's whereabouts.

755—Klarke, Svend. Age 29 years. Farmer by occupation. Last heard from March 1912. Sister enquires.

799—Vessey, Cyril Hubert. In August of last year was at One way, Alberta. Mother very anxious to hear from son.

800—McLean, Jas. About 22 years. Part of thumb gone owing to accident while playing football. Member of fourth Anger. Last known address "The Farms, Sask." Wife recently concerned. (See Photo).

807—Marley, Samson. About fourteen or fifteen years ago left Ontario County with Soddy family. Friends anxiously enquiring.

877—Hamblin Barratt, Asa W. Jr. Age 24 years. Height 6 ft. 10 in. Brown hair and eyes. Dark complexion. Last heard from in 1912. Left England in 1912. Probably in British Columbia now.

880—McKinnon Alexander. Age 24 years. Loft, Newmarket about twenty-five years ago for Culinary to work ranching. Nephew wishes to hear from him.

892—Schreuk, Charlie. Single. D. & K. com. leather, blue eyes. Weight about 150 lbs., short, burly. Height about 5 ft. 10 in. Last heard from from Brooks, Alta. Missing since 1912. (See photo).

918—Anderson, Timmied. Aranigan. Age 27 years. Medium height. Brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from in 1912. Father anxious to hear from him.

874—Herriman, Arthur Redvers. Age 25. Height 5 ft. 10 in. Auburn hair, blue eyes. Fair complexion. Very heavy man. Has not been heard from for about sixteen months. Last known address Whistler.

835—Flannigan, Jim. Age about 52 years. Medium height. Grey hair, blue eyes. Left South Africa to work on Section in 1912. To his address to reply to this.

837—Campbell, Mrs. Fannie. Age sixty years. Medium height. Light hair. Last heard from twelve years ago. Mrs. Campbell, St. John, N.B., enquiring.

866—Kristensen, Anders Kristian. Age 23 years. Medium height. Farmer by occupation. Mother very anxious.

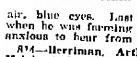
John C. Gutrie



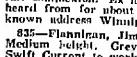
James McLean



Charlie Schreuk



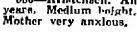
Timmied Anderson



Arthur Redvers



Redvers



Jim Flannigan



Jim Flannigan

THE COMMISSIONER AND MRS. RICH

REGINA Sat., Feb. 20th
(Musical Festival—City Hall Auditorium)

REGINA Sun., Feb. 21st
(Bandsmen's Councils—Y.M.C.A. Hall)

REGINA Mon., Feb. 22nd
(Day of Devotion)

WINNIPEG CITADEL Mon., March 1st
(United Farewell to Chief Secy. & Mrs. Knott)

CALGARY Thurs., March 4th
(Farewell to Chief Secretary)

VANCOUVER Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., Mar. 6, 7, 8, 9
(Y.P. Councils and Farewell to Chief Secy.)

WINNIPEG Sun. and Mon., March 14th and 15th
(Social Annual)

WINNIPEG CITADEL Tues., March 16th
(Welcome to new Chief Secretary)

EDMONTON Sat., Sun., Mon., March 20th, 21st, 22nd
(Y.P. Councils)

WINNIPEG Sat., Sun., Mon., March 27th, 28th, 29th
(Bandsmen's Councils)

Coming Events

LT-COL. TAYLOR

Regina Sat.-Mon. Feb. 20-21

LT-COLONEL COOMBS

Winnipeg III Sun., Feb. 1

Winnipeg I Sun., Feb. 28 Mon., Mar. 1

Selkirk Sun., Mar. 7

Winnipeg I Mon., Mar. 8

LT-COLONEL McLEAN

Vancouver (Y.P. Day) Sun., Feb. 21

Vancouver IV Sun.-Thurs., Feb. 26-Mar. 4

Vancouver V Sun.-Thurs., Mar. 7-11

Vancouver VI Sun.-Wed., Mar. 14-17

New Westminster Sun.-Thurs., Mar. 21-25

Nanaimo Sun.-Wed., Mar. 28-31

BRIGADIER GOODWIN

Weston Sun., Feb. 21

STAFF-CAPTAIN TUTTE

Regina Sat.-Mon. Feb. 20-22

Melville Wed., Thurs., Feb. 24, 25

Yorkton Sat., Sun., Feb. 27, 28

Regina I Mon., Mar. 1

Indian Head Tues., Mar. 2

Moosomin Wed., March 3

Grenfell Thurs., Mar. 4

Wolseley Fri., Mar. 5

Medicine Hat Sat.-Mon., Mar. 6-8

Maple Creek Wed., Mar. 9

Swift Current Thurs., Fri., Mar. 11, 12

Moose Jaw Sat., Sun., Mar. 13, 14

The Winding Trail

(Continued from page 11)

dinating thought and action to the extent of depositing his burden along side the track and releasing his tense muscles.

When he did the narrow streak of dawn had grown to a ribbon of gray, but it seemed to be lost in the denseness of the darkness of the night and the storm.

Slowly his clearness of thought returned and he bent down over the outstretched form to discover whether or not life still existed there and, if possible who he might be.

"All the saints be praised, he lives!" he exclaimed, relief and gratitude in his voice. He fumbled in his pockets and finally pulled out several matches. Kneeling down in the snow beside the man he struck one of the matches on the leg of his heavy corduroy trousers. The blue flash of the ignited sulphur changed to a tiny yellow beam of light, and shielding it from the wind with his gloved hand he held it above the upturned face of the form before him.

He gave a start and then looked more closely. Then, as though he had been struck a stunning blow in the face, he slowly exclaimed, "Happy Bell. And he's almost froze!"

(To be continued)

Chilliwack Comrades Cheered

Captain L. Roskelly and Lieutenant Christensen. One young woman recently sought Salvation at the close of the Sunday evening Meeting, and we believe that others will soon follow. On January 24-25 our souls were greatly blessed through the inspiring messages of Lt. Colonel Taylor. His most interesting and helpful Lantern Lecture was much appreciated by the large crowd attending the gathering.

On January 6, Chilliwack was greatly privileged by a visit from Major and Mrs. Hill and their party of Koreans. The people of the Valley showed their appreciation by filling to overflowing the United Church. After listening to the address of Major Hill, and hearing from the Koreans themselves of how the Lord had blessed the efforts put forth in Korea our hearts were stirred to a much deeper interest in these people.

Price List for Men and Women's Uniforms

MEN'S UNIFORM

No. 1480—Blue Uniform	\$45.00	Tunic	\$30.00	Pants	\$15.00
No. 1212—"	"	37.00	"	24.50	"
No. 1204—"	"	34.00	"	23.50	"
No. 1400—"	"	30.00	"	20.00	"
No. 1402—"	"	31.50	"	21.50	"
No. 7—Grey	"	44.50	"	29.50	"
No. 1850—"	"	36.00	"	25.00	"

WOMEN'S UNIFORM

Staff Sergeant Speaker Uniform	\$40.00	Dress, one piece	\$28.00
Light Weight Serge	"	38.00	"
Cravonette	"	38.00	"
No. 717101—"	"	30.00	"
No. M 859—"	"	36.00	"

One piece dresses are for Soldiers only.

Officers' trimmings extra according to rank.

LADIES SPRING and FALL COATS from \$38.00 to \$42.00

Made of Staff and heavy weight Serge.

MEN'S SPRING and FALL OVERCOATS—Uniform or Business Style No. 2834 \$40.00 No. 1432 \$41.00 No. 1486 \$42.50

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In any style. Price from \$38.00 to \$55.00

In Tweeds, Worsted and Serges

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The experience of the Rev. J. A. Wood

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